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MINISTERS SEE THE GOOD.

THE EVENING WORLD'S Christmas Tree Fund is one of those enterprises which bear their own commendation in the good work they do.

Yet, to the originators of the project, the commendation expressed by city clergymen of various denominations, as printed yesterday, is particularly gratifying.

It must be almost equally pleasing to those of THE EVENING WORLD constituency who share with it the responsibility of raising the Fund to a condition of efficiency and completeness.

The ministers recognize the fact stated in this column in recent remarks on the Christmas-Tree enterprise, that the work done with the Fund is directly in the line of applied religion.

"We cannot do too much to brighten the lives of those who have so little," said one minister. "You afford an opportunity for the whole public, down to the least, to vent their Christmas spirit," said another, incidentally to his praise of the good work. "Any movement that will stimulate a feeling of human fellowship, as of inestimable benefit," said a third.

And so on. Something kind from all. If the public needed more stimulus to its spirit of generosity in this cause than exists in the mere thought of the good to be done they should find it in the words of these preachers.

THE DYNAMITER'S IDENTIFICATION.

Through the weak clues afforded by an ordinary trousers-button and a few shreds of cloth, The World has succeeded in tracing the identity of the man who threw the dynamite bomb in Russell Sage's office. It was a clever achievement, the fact accomplished was one which had baffled the trained detectives of the best police force on the earth.

It was only through the persistent application of common sense methods that the desired result was obtained. In this and in other cases in which The World has successfully exerted itself for the straightening out of much-tangled skeins it has been demonstrated that a great newspaper office is one of the best places on earth for developing the powers of analysis and inquiry necessary to such tasks.

And this is undoubtedly due to the great variety of work thrust upon real newspaper men and the imperative necessity of their being promptly ready to face any emergency or circumstance. They do not proceed by fixed, official routine. They go by an intelligent adaptation of means, methods and theories to meet whatever peculiarities there may be to the case in hand.

Frederic is out with another challenge. He will last thirty days, with two or three times each day, and at the end, if pressed by competition, will take, in the presence of doctors, poison enough to kill forty men. All to demonstrate his psychological power. If he will kindly reverse his programme and begin with the poison he may prevent some idiotic imitator from a fatal following of his mad example.

A Bowditch (Pa.) preacher who awoke in the night and found his false teeth missing, immediately began to choke to death. Just as he was choking, an agonized roar, well to his weeping family, the truth were found in a bureau drawer. Finding he hadn't swallowed the plate, he swallowed his fears and returned to sweet slumber. Should this preacher dream of a dog's bite he will be hydrophobic to the victim.

A Brooklyn man who won at pinocle last night by melting 300 at a critical point in the game, laughed so hard as to dislocate his jaw. This teaches us not to be too exuberantly jocular in the moment when Fortune smiles. What shall it profit a man if he be the champion of pinocle and spoil his jawbone with too much dislocation?

Senator Patten should be made to understand once for all that his removal to the resolution to move him, Gray's remains in itself and deeply painful to the family of the dead hero. The Senator exposes himself to the suspicion that he is the victim of an acute monomania.

Here it is again: Kentucky lovers, forty-two years ago, parental opposition, grief and separation. True, passes. He was rich, size fifty-eight and a dreamer. He happens into Liberty, Mo. For a night. Enters door. "Is she? Both local. They explain. They well. All's well. Ha, ha!

A Passaic woman, whose next-door neighbor bothers her with a French "Ha, ha, ha!" ejaculation in the front yard, at regular intervals, has complained to the Police Court. Manifestly wrong. She should respond invariably with a ghoulish "Ho, ho, ho!"

The Church and State discussion en-

liven the French Chamber wonderfully.

Already the lie is passed between Cassa-

gnac and Floquet, and there is talk of a duel. Realizing, however, that it is to be only a French duel, the world will not raise to shudder.

It is said that ex-Speaker Reed beat all the other Congressmen in the race for the capitol yesterday. That would be interesting to know if he would have stopped to count a quorum had the blow-up come in the Fifty-first Congress.

Aspirants for the Republican nomination will pass their sleepless nights just before the Minneapolis Convention. Delegates will get theirs when they come to the Twin City and find they were left out in the scramble for the limited number of rooms.

Flatbush insane asylum has leaked again. This time the escapee is a man who was able to bend the iron bars of his window by mere physical strength. He was a good subject for much greater prevention as to his keeping.

Ex-Speaker Reed confirms the report that he years to enforce politics and noise at Washington for a quiet life and law practice in New York. Lots of room and welcome here.

The Chinese Government, in its hour of victory, seems to thoroughly appreciate the fact that rebels who lose their own heads will never head another rebellion.

McGregor must go. So the police have resolved, wisely and well.

THE CLEANER.

William H. Vanderbilt, the eldest son of Cornelius V. Vanderbilt, who is now a Junior at Yale, is a handsome, robust-looking young fellow, and one of the best-looking of his class at college. Despite his wealth and his sumptuous entertainments which he gives to his friends, he is modest and unassuming in his manner, and under the democratic institutions of Yale is not likely to assume any air of superiority over his fellow collegians. His younger brother Cornelius is a member of the Freshman class.

There is no question that Dr. Hainsford, the rector of St. George's Church in Stuyvesant Square, is the most popular clergyman in town with the ladies. More than three-quarters of the attendants at his church are of the fairer sex, and after service he and his flock around him in church and gather in the street in front of the parsonage just to get a glimpse of him out of the pulpit. There is always a flutter of excitement when he makes his appearance. "Isn't he just splendid," exclaimed an enthusiastic admirer in the hearing of the cleaner the other day. "I declare he's the only man in New York worth looking at."

Under the genial supervision of Dr. Linhart, the new gymnasium instructor at the Manhattan Athletic Club, the evening class in boxing training has become exceedingly popular even with the gray-haired and bald-headed element of the Club. Such enthusiasm for athletics has never before been manifested in the Club since it got into its new quarters. It is an inspiring sight to watch a contingent of veteran cherry diamonds, "daddy stunts" under Dr. Linhart's guidance, and they always draw a crowd of admiring spectators to the gymnasium.

This week's issue of Harper's Weekly has sent an audible chorus of amusement rippling over the artistic portion of the community. The number containing a caricature of this year's exhibitor, the National Academy of Design, drawn by Bert Wilder, which is irrepressibly funny. The exaggeration is not too broad, but is unquestionably there. A dozen of the Academy's paintings are treated to a dose of black and white by Wilder's brush, but the way the artist sees things is not too broad, but is unquestionably there. He calls the caricature "Playing Snap-the-Whip on the Plains," and the way he has tangled horses' legs and men's arms could not be equaled by Remington himself.

Four women out of five, I believe, who have seen the performance of "Belshazzar's Feast" by the "Four Queens" of the "Theatricals" are ready to swear that Miss Leslie-Carter is a wit. Such is not, however, the case. Mrs. Carter's hair grows and grows to such length and in such abundance that when uncumbered it completely envelops her figure from her knees up. When braided her hair is as thick as an ocean steamship's cable.

Chauncey M. Depew, souvenir spoons, made an interesting display in the show-window of a downtown jeweler. There are three sets, each set consisting of a spoon, a fork and a knife, and each set is made of a different material. The first set is made of silver, the second of gold, and the third of platinum. The spoons are made of the same material as the forks and knives, and are made of the same material as the spoons, forks and knives.

An Indianapolis paper says that Mr. Leases' recent lecture in this town "was denominated pretty much everything from Kalmazoo and Kingdom Come in a yoke like a nation's man in a storm."

Lord Denham's Denominations.

From the London Standard.

It is not the man who is at the top who always has the most sense. Remember that a balloon is sure to rise, but is nothing but a bag of gas, after all.

Three Three Cent Boys.

From the Boston Herald.

Henry M. Stanley is conducting three negro minstrel troupes, who are to be rescued from slavery by paying three cents apiece for them.

Severe Pain After Meals.

I took three pills of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it cured me of a severe pain in my stomach. I frequently have occasion to use it.

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and I am glad to see it in the great medicine for skin diseases.

For skin diseases, see the advertisement for Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

The Girl with the Crayon.

A girl about eighteen years of age entered a Third Avenue Elevated car at the bridge the other day having a crayon portrait on a stretcher in her hand. She took a seat beside a middle-aged man who had a sleepy look in his eyes, but who roused up just as the train got away and said:

"Sense me, but is that a crayon you have there?"

"Yes, sir," she replied in a timid way.

"Thought so. Some of your own work?"

"No, sir."

"Thought so. Sense me. Somebody else's work, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it crayon portrait of your dear father?"

The girl looked up and down the car for another seat and made no reply.

"Or it may be a crayon portrait of your dear mother," he suggested.

The girl got up and went to the other end of the car, and the man looked after her in a stupid way and then said to the passenger next to him:

"Sense me, but I didn't mean anything. I never see crayon portrait without being deeply affected. I had a muzzer once."

"Quite likely," coldly replied the other.

"I was going to present her with a crayon portrait of myself for Christmas, but she—she died! Poor muzzer!"

Tears filled his eyes and ran over his cheeks, and as he failed to find his handkerchief he wiped them off with a dog-skin glove.

She had died when you presented her the portrait, anyhow?" heartlessly observed the passenger.

"Sense me, is your muzzer dead?" asked the other.

"No."

"Then you can't realize how I feel. I was born with a tender heart. No home is home without a muzzer. I was going to present her with portrait next day, but she died. Was it blame?"

"Perhaps not."

"Can't she show I was to blame, but it always makes me sad to think of it. Sense me, will you?"

The guard looked in to call out "Ninth street," and seeing the condition of the man, he took him by the arm and led him out on the platform. The deeply-affected soul got one arm around a post and used the other hand to wipe away more tears, and he called to the other man through the window:

"Sense me, but you'd better see that girl and speak to her. She may kill her muzzer just as I killed mine."

"Go on down with your jaw," exclaimed the guard as he slammed the gate.

"Jag! Jag! Have I got jag? Where's the jag? See that girl over it's too late! I had crayon portrait all ready for Christmas, and she died—my dear ole muzzer fell right off her chair and died! Sense me, but I was born tender!"

The ticket-chopper had him by the back of the neck and was heading him for the stairs as the train moved off.

M. QUAD.

WORLDS.

Ex-Senator Jones, of Florida, continues to nurse the delusion that resulted in his insanity. Physically he is in better condition than he has been for years, and on ordinary matters his judgment is sound.

A Chicago company that makes a specialty of supplying cemeteries for ministers says that it has the names of 1,000 clergymen to whom these monuments are regularly sent.

It is said that the first negro theatrical company to perform in the United States came from England in 1792 and landed at York, in Virginia. Its first public appearance was at Williamsburg.

In Queensland, Australia, a sound house can be bought for \$5, and in some parts of New South Wales houses are so plentiful that they are given away for nothing.

A Taste of Practical Nihilism.

From the London Standard.

Trussard says may not be a czar, but he knows what it is to feel like one.

Just the Difference.

From the London Standard.

Things for which English is famous, delicate to be known, American gentlemen would seem to be charged with, namely, brutality to their wives.

A number of royal European ladies are addicted to the use of tobacco, and it is reported that Queen Margherita of Italy smokes constantly when she is alone, dressed in a kimono, and has a pretty Londoner, equipped from an apartment in the Alhambra and filled with pillows, which she uses as a smoking-room. The Emperor of Austria, the Queen of Spain, the Queen of Portugal, the Queen of Greece and the Queen of Italy all smoke cigarettes. In theatrical circles nearly all the ladies have their favorite brand of cigarette. Miss Bernhardt smokes the "Achilles"; Miss Modjeska does not touch a dinner without a glass of sweet wine and a package of cigarettes. In theatrical circles nearly all the ladies have their favorite brand of cigarette. Miss Bernhardt smokes the "Achilles"; Miss Modjeska does not touch a dinner without a glass of sweet wine and a package of cigarettes.

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